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WE HAVE AGENTS
selling **BRAND** a month, selling **BRAND**
KINGSBURY & FRICK, Oswego, Kansas
WAS IT ASSENT-MINDEDNESS?



Coming later
Mrs. Nelson—My husband is awfully absent-minded.
Mrs. Ellison—In what way?
Mrs. Nelson—He went fishing yesterday. When he had finished he threw away the fish and brought home the bait.

The Young Idea.
There are two kinds of joints, the hinges and the ball-bearing. Reflex action is the inside eye and ear. Reflex action controls things that we do not have to think about, as talking.

Find we no skin, our clothes would cause us endless agony.
The stomach is the trunk of our body. The stomach contains the liver. The stomach is south of the lungs, west of the liver. It has three coats. Without the stomach we should die, therefore God chose the stomach to digest our food.—Woman's Home Companion.

Remarkable Fish.
"I thought you said there were fish around here," said the disappointed sportsman.
"There are," replied Farmer Corns. "But they are experienced fish. Moreover, they're kind and considerate."
"I haven't had a nibble."
"Well, you don't think they'd bite at that brand-new fancy tackle, do you?" They'd stand off and admire it, but they'd never take a chance on getting it mused up."

OR SAYS HE IS.



De Quis—Why is a good actor like a set of brains?
De Witt—Because he is a herd liner.

Birds of a Feather
"What's the bill for fixing my motor car?" asked the strange patron.
"It figures up to \$110, sir," replied the garage man.
"Where? I'll have to give you a check. I left all my money in my drug store."
"Why, are you a druggist?"
"Yes."
"Oh, in that case the bill will be a dollar and a quarter. We fellows ought to stand together."

Hard to Find.
"Decided where you are going on your vacation yet?"
"No; can't seem to find the right spot."
"What sort of a place are you looking for?"
"A place where my pocketbook can enjoy a vacation as well as its owner."

No Wonder.
"What's your husband so angry about?"
"He's been out of work six weeks."
"I should think that would suit him first rate."
"That's it! He's just got a job."

When a girl starts out to kill time, she doesn't point her toes kitchen-

A Large Package
Of Enjoyment—
Post Toasties
Served with cream, milk or fruit—fresh or cooked.
Crisp, golden-brown bits of white corn—delicious and wholesome—
A flavor that appeals to young and old.
"The Memory Lingers"
Sold by Grocers

There have been altogether too many weeping trees planted in this country," declares a writer in *Suburban Life*. "Most of them unfortunately have been of the freak type."

"The weeping trees can be divided into two general classes, those which are upright in growth and have naturally pendulous branches and those which are grafted on standard wood. The latter are usually deformed trees which will spoil any garden scene."

"Of those with naturally pendulous branches the weeping birch is the best. It grows from sixty to seventy feet high and makes a perfectly upright growth, but the long pendulous

GANGBASS OF
THE
ROULETTE
EAST

Saved Lives of Scientists
in the Arctic

Thrilling Experiences of Museum Agents in the Country Where Even the Polar Bears Have Chills and Where Letters Written in March Lie in the Mail Bag Until July Before They Are Started Toward Civilization.

Map of the Wanderings of Dr. Anderson and V. Stefansson in the Arctic.

The authority of Dr. Rudolph N. Anderson, whose word is as good as a first mortgage bond in the world of science, the three-year-old carcass of a bowhead, while slightly mummified, is certainly filling. The doctor knows because he ate a few double portion slices. It was bowhead or nothing. As the doctor had plenty of the latter he welcomed the bowhead.

It was in that forlorn country, where even the polar bears have chills, 4,000 miles to the west and more than 1,000 north, and then some, that he made the choice, related the New York World. He and V. Stefansson, as representatives of the American Museum of Natural History, were up there staring death in the face looking for specimens. They are now returning, after two years' absence. Stories of their hardships have got here first. Catching the mails is no joke up there. To get a letter in the letter box at MacPherson in time for the July delivery Mr. Stefansson wrote on March 13. If a letter is carried around in one's pocket over night the folks at home have to wait another six months for news.

Mr. Stefansson and Dr. Anderson left New York on April 5, 1908. They made their way by railroad to Edmonton, Canada, the furthest point to which human ingenuity had reached, the advance agents of progress. From Edmonton the two explorers made their way to Athabasca, at the headwaters of the Mackenzie, where the river being free from ice, they would find sturdy little steamers ready to carry them one step further into the wilderness of ice and snow. The moment they left the deck the little boat that had served their purpose to the best of its ability the two adventurers plunged into the terrible fastnesses of the great silent north.

Two Years in the Ice.
For almost two years the great sweeps of snow and ice hid the two men from the rest of the world almost completely as the walls of a tomb. Only an Eskimo, traveling far from his home down the haunts of sturdy white folks who were fighting for existence on the very edge of the arctic circle, brought with him a story of two white men up above the circle. Only one who had come from the men. Then, by long and tedious sled journeys, did an Eskimo attached to their party carry a letter to the daring skipper of a fishing smack that had literally forced its way through the ice into the far north.

Now the men are making their way slowly back, bringing with them details of a story the mere hints of which have outdone the dreams of writers of fiction who love to tell of imaginary adventures in the frozen north. And the men who faced perils and hardships that would have tried the courage and strength of the hardiest; who set out on long and painful journeys when the mercury froze in the thermometer; who were forced to camp on mountain ridges and peaks at the height of blizzards—they have sent a plain, impassioned report of their journeys without giving a hint that they encountered aught but what they expected when they left New York.

Hardships of the Trip.
It would require far more space than the limits of this article permit to give more than a mere skeleton of the story of the two years' trip, as it is now in the possession of Dr. H. C. Bumpus, director of the Museum of Natural History, who authorized the expedition. When the men themselves came they will fill in with details the story of periods of ten days and more that often elapsed without a morsel of sustaining food passing their lips, and which they dismissed with a single sentence in their preliminary reports.

In many respects the trip of Mr. Stefansson and Dr. Anderson surpasses any other expedition ever made into the north by white men. The difficulties with which they had to contend, because of the very nature of their journey, exceeded even those which confronted Commander Peary on his dash to the north pole. His was a hurried trip across several hundred miles of ice to the pole and back. Carefully constructed sleds drawn by the finest Eskimo dogs in

"Weeping" Trees in Favor
Many Varieties Are Really Ornamental, and Fresh Should Always Be Shunned.

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Map of the Wanderings of Dr. Anderson and V. Stefansson in the Arctic.

the arctic circle carried provisions aplenty.
Not so with Stefansson and Anderson. Their mission was the collection of specimens that would enlighten the rest of the world as to human, animal and vegetable life within the arctic circle. They had no single objective, they took them a part of the time over the ice of the Arctic ocean and a part of the time across mountain ranges that rise thousands of feet in the air.

Food Stolen by Wild Beasts.
They also had plenty of provisions when they started. As though, however, the ordinary perils of the country were not sufficient, the real owners of the country, polar bears and wolverines, added to their dangers. Time after time the daring scientists, wearied by months of privation, would seek the stores of food they had hidden in caches for just such emergencies, only to find that four-footed marauders had broken in and stolen hundreds of pounds of food.

Stefansson, as the actual leader of the expedition, has reserved all but the briefest summary for his personal report to Dr. Bumpus. A brief ten pages sufficed for him to announce the results of the two years' journey, as well as to outline his plan for a last dash into the country of the hostile Coppermine people, Eskimos who viewed the white men with any attempt on the part of white men to penetrate their country.

On the map you will find a tiny point of land projecting into the Arctic ocean and named Cape Parry. Nothing illustrates better, perhaps, the uncertainty of the position of the explorers than the very first paragraph of Mr. Stefansson's letter, which was written from that place on March 13 of this year.

"An Eskimo (the same 'Jimmy' MacPherson) who accompanied Captain Amundsen in 1905-6 from Herschel Island to the Yukon," wrote Mr. Stefansson, "has come here from Hallie Island and intends starting tomorrow for the Mackenzie delta. I am giving him this letter, hoping it may get into the July mail at MacPherson."

Just think of it—grave doubts as to whether a letter will reach a mail post in four months' time!
"My Eskimos," he wrote, "are in deadly fear of the Coppermine people, who have the reputation of being a murderous race. While they are here to accompany me, I can never tell on what night they may have a warning not to go and I will be left to make the journey alone."

The dangers from the people themselves were not the greatest obstacles to this, the climax of his trip, as Mr. Stefansson hinted in his letter. The trip would require, at least 15 days going and the same time returning, to say nothing of the time that must be spent in gathering scientific data. Six days' provisions, however, were all that Mr. Stefansson had. For the rest of his food he must depend upon a country in which even the Eskimoes found it exceedingly difficult to find sufficient food to sustain their lives. The possibility of starvation, however, did not deter the adventurer. That he made the trip, secured his specimens and is now safely on his return is all that those who are most deeply interested in his welfare know.

Dr. Anderson, who, shortly after he set out from the friendly deck of the little river steamer on the Mackenzie, separated from Mr. Stefansson and headed a party of Eskimoes into the country, has written a little more at length of his two years' trip. He too has found a sentence quite sufficient to tell of experiences that must have tried the heart and courage of every member of the party.

Ballie Island, in the Arctic ocean, was the headquarters chosen by Dr. Anderson for his party. From there he wrote his report, which by its very simplicity and directness is one of the most remarkable documents ever sent through the mails of the United States.

branches give the tree a decided weeping character, which, however, is not developed until the tree has attained several years of growth.

"Next in importance is the weeping, or as it is sometimes called the Napoleon, willow. This is the fastest growing weeping tree. It attains a height of about forty feet, and is familiar because of its frequent planting in cemeteries.

"It is not necessary to have a damp place for this tree to grow in, although one commonly finds it growing in places where the water table is high. It will grow in almost any soil that is not a desert. The weeping willow has proved a successful tree in places where other trees would not grow."

"The weeping birch when well grown as a specimen tree makes a beautiful and somewhat curious tree for a lawn. It will reach a height of fifty or sixty feet. The branches grow upright and then droop."

"A tree which always delights the children because of its weeping branches, which, when a specimen tree for a lawn, is a beautiful specimen for a lawn, is a beautiful specimen for a lawn."

LAUNTER PLEASING TO GOD
Whom in Eternal Love Can There Be Placed in Possession of Any Thing.

We submerge and distort the normal human nature of the driver when we picture him going through hell. After the latter he would open his "inferno," with the shadows of perdition on his brow. We may gravely question when it was that the cross began to darken our Lord's pathway; there is no doubt of a foreboding until we reach the middle of his ministry. From that on there are occasional tokens that he saw Calvary ahead of him, and was at times pressed down with a dreadful sense of the inevitable agony which awaited him at the end. But all this is very far from affording any reasonable ground for the conclusion that he smiled sometimes, but never laughed.

If God did not intend us to laugh, on occasion, why did he endow us with the capacity to laugh, with a sense of the humor, with the faculty to see and enjoy wit, fun and the absurd side of life; and, furthermore, why did he produce so many things and people to laugh at?—Zion's Herald.

LAWYER CURED OF ECZEMA

"While attending school at Lebanon, Ohio, in 1882, I became afflicted with boils, which lasted for about two years, when the affliction assumed the form of an eczema, and the face and part of my face being inflamed most of the time. There would be water-blisters rise up and open, and wherever the water would touch it would burn, and cause another one to rise up. The face would open, and the place would scab over, and would burn and itch so as to be almost unbearable at times. In this way the sores would spread from one place to another, back and forth over the whole of my upper lip and chin, and at times the whole lower part of my face would be a solid sore. This condition continued for four or five years, without getting any better, and in fact got worse all the time, so much so that my wife became alarmed lest it prove fatal.

"During all this time of boils and eczema, I desisted with the best physicians of this part of the country, but to no avail. Finally I decided to try Cuticura Remedies, which I did, taking the Cuticura Resolvent, applying the Cuticura Ointment, and using the Cuticura Soap for washing. In a very short time I began to notice improvement, and continued to use the Cuticura Remedies until I was well again, and have not had a recurrence of the trouble since, which is over twenty years. I have recommended Cuticura Remedies to others ever since, and have great faith in them as remedies for skin diseases."

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample can, with 25-cent book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 3 K, Boston.

Tuberculosis Patients Neglected.
Out of more than 225 public hospitals for the insane, with a population of fully 150,000, only 70, or less than one-third, make any provision for their tuberculous inmates, and the 80,000 in spite of the fact that the percentage of deaths from this disease is very high among this class of people. Such is the substance of a statement made recently by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Seventy hospitals in 25 states, providing all told about 3,350 beds for tuberculosis insane patients, sums up the provision made for this class of sufferers, although of deaths from this disease, tuberculosis among the insane ranges from 50 to 200 per cent. higher than among the general population.

The Bridegroom's Portion.
Miss Ella Gentich, who teaches Sunday school, had been reading to her class from the gospel of Matthew, and was examining a promising boy, a newcomer, about the subject matter. "There were ten virgins," said the young man, "five wise ones and five foolish ones, and the five wise ones filled their lamps and the five foolish ones wasn't in no hurry. And at midnight came the bridegroom, and the five foolish ones went across the street to buy oil and got locked out." "Very good," said the teacher. "And what did the bridegroom do?" "Why," said the good little student, "he married the five wise ones."—Cleveland Leader.

A Human Cruel-Stand.
Several villagers were discussing a departed sister who had been given to good deeds but was rather too fond of dispensing sharp spoken advice. "She was an excellent woman," said the deceased lady's pastor. "She was constantly in the homes of the poor and afflicted. In fact, she was the salt of the earth."

"She was more than that," remarked a villager. "She was the vinegar, the pepper and the mustard as Vill-tues."—London Tit-Bits.

Could Take Her Choice.
As the railroad train was stopping, an old lady not accustomed to traveling hailed the passing conductor and asked: "Conductor, what door shall I get out by?" "Either door, ma'am," graciously answered the conductor. "The car stops at both ends."—Galesburg Mail.

Tuberculosis Among the Insane.
Autopsies made in New York state hospitals for the insane and elsewhere show that tuberculosis is an active disease in about 20 per cent. of the cases, as compared with about half that percentage in the normal population.

An Experiment.
Nurse—What is the matter?
Johnny—The baby is a fake! I threw him on the floor, and he didn't become a bit.

Surely.
"Is that bargain really cut glass?" "Sure; it was marked down."

Is He Worth Waking? I should say that it depends on the liver.—Thomas Galt, Appleton.

NOT A BRITISH UNIT IN IT
Irishman Would Not Put a Shilling Allow the Possibility of Such a Thing.

George Mockler has just returned from an investigation of what coal is costing some of the other cities. He brought this story from Baltimore:

An Irishman there inherited a coal mine up in the state. He immediately entered the lists for one of the big coal contracts and went around to say a good word for his coal. The man who was letting the contract heard him a moment, and then interrupted with:

"That's all right, but how about British thermal units?"
The other, being new to the coal business, did not know that coal is rated now according to the British thermal units in tests.
"That's what?" he said.
"How many British thermal units are there in your coal?"
The Irishman blinked his eye and snorted a bit.
"British thermal units is it?" he said. "Why, there ain't a wan in it."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Absurd.
Among the recent visitors to a metropolitan museum was a woman from a rural district, who was much interested in the ancient pottery exhibits.

The attendant pointed out one collection of beautiful old vases, saying: "Those were dug up at Herculanum."

"What!" exclaimed the woman from the country. "Dug up?"
"Yes, madam."
"Out of the ground?"
"Just as they are now. They were cleaned up a bit, but they were found about as you see them."

With an expressive toss of the head, the lady from the country turned to her companion and said: "He's a nice-looking young fellow, but I don't believe what he says. They never dug up no ready-made pot out of the ground."—Lippincott's Magazine.

MISUNDERSTOOD HER.



Mrs. Reeder (making a call)—And does your husband interest himself in books?
Mrs. Neufelche—No. Hiram keeps three bookkeepers.

Avoid Disputation.
The disputatious person never makes a good friend. In friendship, men of 20 or more years of age, and some measure of content. There are enough battles to fight outside, enough jarring and jostling in the street, enough disputation in the market place, enough discord in the workshop, world, without having to look for contention in the realm of the inner life also. There, if anywhere, we ask for an end of strife. Friendship is the sanctuary of the heart, and the peace of the sanctuary should brood over it. Its chiefest glory is that the dust and noise of contest are excluded.—Hugh Bacon.

Character in the Eye.
Beware of the man who does not look you clearly in the eye. He has possibilities of evil in his nature. There are eyes which are luminous others which seem to be veiled behind a curtain.

Men and women of the world are accustomed to judge human nature by the expression of the eye. Many people read character by the eyes, and can thus distinguish the false from the loyal, the frank from the deceitful, the hard from the tender, the sympathetic from the indifferent.

Little Pitcher.
Lady Visitor—I am coming to your mamma's company tomorrow. Tommy.
Tommy—Well, you won't get a good supper.

Tommy's Papa—Tommy, what do you mean, talking like that?
Tommy—Well, you know, pa, you told me you'd have to get some chicken feed for her old hen party tomorrow.

Of Short Duration.
"Pimply is afraid to ask old Mr. Plunker for his daughter's hand."

"Why, Pimply told me yesterday he stood in with the old man."
"Oh, that was only for a few minutes in the vestibule of an office building during a shower."

Why, Willie!
Sunday School Teacher—Yes, Willie, the Lord loves every living creature.

Willie—I'll bet he was never stung by a wasp!—Puck.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk a tinkling symbol, where there is no love.—Bacon.

Is not making others happy the best happiness? There is joy in helping to renew the strength and courage of no ble minds.—Amiel.

HIS COLOR CHANGES.



Evelyn—But when it comes to love-making Harold is rather green, isn't he?
Myrtle—Not now.
Myrtle—Indeed!
Myrtle—No, he's blue; I rejected him last evening.

In Strict Obedience.
Master Gregory Graham, aged three, has been having an ocean bath, and breaking away from his older sister, he ran all dripping wet to the door of the living room, where Mrs. Graham was entertaining a caller from the fashionable hotel.

"Why, Greg," his mother greeted him, "you mustn't come in here like that, dear. Go straight upstairs and take off your bathing suit first."
A few minutes later Mrs. Graham turned toward the door in curiosity as to what sight there had sent her visitor's eyebrows up so high, and in the same moment her son's cheerful voice rang out:

"I took it off, mother, like you told me to. I'm coming in now for some cake."

Advice.
"Now that you've heard my daughter sing, what would you advise me to do?"

"Well," the music master replied. "I hardly know. I don't suppose you without interested in settlement work or horseback riding or something like that?"

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Gives red and inflamed feet relief. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Clendenen, Le Roy, N. Y.

A live goose is worth more than a dead ancestor.

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Cared by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Creston, Iowa.—"I was troubled for long time with inflammation, pains in my side, sick headaches and nervousness. I had taken so many medicines that I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. A friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it restored me to health. I have no more pain, my nerves are stronger and I can do my own work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me after everything else had failed, and I recommend it to other suffering women."—Mrs. W. M. SEALS 605 W. Howard St., Creston, Iowa.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing fls should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

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One box of Tut's Pills save many dollars in doctor's bills. Cure diseases of the liver or bowels. For all headache, dyspepsia, malaria, constipation and biliousness, a million people endorse Tut's Pills.
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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
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WOMEN wear W.L. Douglas shoes, perfect fitting, easy walking boots, because they give long wear, same as W.L. Douglas Men's shoes.
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NO CURE NO PAY
A Fine General Tonic. Contains no arsenic or other poisons. Leaves no bad effects like quinine. If your Druggist or Merchant can't supply it, write to ARTHUR PETER & CO., Gen. Agts., Louisville, Ky.
Is not making others happy the best happiness? There is joy in helping to renew the strength and courage of noble minds.—Amiel.

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